

Secrets

Joe Budden

Yo, yo.

Her name was Chyna Doll, real name Sasha
Stripped out in Jersey, a regular show stopper.
Club hopper, couldn't tell her nada'
Can't even talk to 'er if it ain't about a dollar.
Stayed in the latest? Esay?, Gucci, Prada
Two kids, no communication with' the father.
She nineteen, lookin' like the truth is sickenin'
But boo is trickin' ta' pay schoo' tuition.
A hourglass figure with' the best complexion
With' no ratchet on 'er, usin' sex as a weapon.
Her man's name Jerome, highschool sweetheart
Who jus' came home for some charges unknown.
It's 'prolly domestic, he be beatin' 'er ass
Chyna still go ta' work like she be needin' the cash.
Got his name on 'er ankle, real impolite
I made it rain on 'er once an' bitch couldn't say, "thank you".
Call me loose, but 'chu'd fuck shorty too
I'm talkin' thirty-six, twenty-four, forty-two.
She be at the Pink Teacup
Drunk of Chardonnay an' E'd up
A Black Girl Lost, she need Jesus.
Bi-sexual, livin' life on the brink
Newark niggas used to come-through spikin' 'er drink.
Puttin' drugs in 'er liquor, throwin' dubs when they tip 'er
She high makin' it clap screamin', "fuck them other niggas! "
High demand on 'er, Jerome type jealous
Used to come-through clappin' at niggas that put they hands on 'er
'Cause of the insanity, fired 'er from Fantasies
Every man's fantasy sufferin' from vanity.
I 'member she went broke for a short 'xtent
So she started fuckin' niggas just to pay her rent.
Started fuckin' anybody that'll get her bent
Frequentin' hotels an' cars with' dark tints.
But she never home, in the World for feelin' 'er greed
This a disease, grandmother takin' care of 'er seeds.
Now ay'boday she be with' keep gettin' 'er Weeded
She dropped outta' school, felt (like) it was no longer needed.
Low self-esteem, a broken home, an' shattered dreams
Got Chyna comin' out of 'er jeans.
Get money by any means, wearin' anything that's skin tight
Pretties up the outside to cover-up what's inside.
That one time bad bitch (dawg) don't even look average
Borrows her friends clothes, no more money for Saks Fifth.
Jerome proposed now they awaitin' marriage
Little did he know how many niggas had smashed it.
Dre used to pipe 'er, them two was creepin'
It was more than jus' beatin', I'm guessin' he really like 'er.
Dre gotta' girl, maybe not with' the label
See, her name is Faith, but he ain't never been faithful.
She used to get? raiseful?, yellin' out, "I hate'chu! "
Been with 'em since he was broke an' he ain't grateful.
Now the nigga's able, financially stable
But she turnt' the tables, went an' got some other mates too.
That never stopped her from rummagin' through his shit
Dre neglectin' home, fuckin' 'round with' this bitch.
Takin' 'er on vacates, pickin' 'er up for late steaks

Spent his whole check on 'er damn near every payday.
Already fought 'Rome when he caught Dre at the strip club
Chyna givin' 'em a lap dance gettin' 'er tits rubbed.
Zipper down like he jus' finished gettin' his dicked sucked
'Rome through his fist up, but Dre couldn't give a fuck.
Security kicked 'em out, speakers blastin' DJ Unk
I seen Jerome runnin' over towards his trunk.
Chyna came an' stopped it before Jerome popped it
Dre ain't learn nothin', kept creepin', he ain't stop shit.
I tried to talk to 'em, he ain't heed the message
She lookin' sickly skinny, exceedin' anorexic.
Coughin' every minute, which ta' me kinda hinted...
If you gonna' have ya cape on (nigga) then take 'er to the clinic.
But he don't wann' listen an' know he never told me
He bring that bitch everywhere, treat 'er like a trophy.
I know dude, I already know that when he go fuck 'er
He wide-open, he divin' in no rubber.
I seen this shit comin', call me a psychic
He try'nna keep tabs on 'er, bought 'er a Sidekick.
(See) Every other night pick 'er up in that Hybrid
You got a girl nigga, at least do it in private.
I mean he really treatin' Chyna like a fly chick
Talkin' dirty to 'er like, "Damn, love how you ride dick"
She be on top screamin', "Daddy, how you like it"
But not long after fount' out he had the virus.
Now he's heated, angers deep seeded
He thinks she runnin' roun' fuckin' with' this deep secret.
Not even thinkin' 'bout her man or her kids
Dre turnt' around an' took her life for takin' his.
An' I ain't mad at'chu for spendin' a few chips
I thought'chu knew better than wifin' that loose bitch.
You never heard, "don't lay ya head where you shit"
You got'cha shovel out, dug ya'self a huge ditch.
Dumb muhfucka', now you facin' two bids
An' can't even run from the law, you too sick.
Jerome wasted no time in findin' where dude live
He came in blazin' that fifth in dudes ribs.
That's two individuals gone for God's sake
Jerome went to jail three days after her wake.
Dre's girl at home, in shock; she can't believe it
Wishin' she would've told 'em 'bout her big, big secret.